As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the Faith it ſelfe
Againſt the Faith; as thus Come little ones; and then
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell (againe,
To thred the poſterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders; how theſe vaine weake nailes
May teare a paſſage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon-walles;
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelves,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaves,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt. Like ſilly Beggars,
Who ſitting in the Stockes, refuſe that ſhame
That many have, and others muſt ſit there;
And in this thought, they finde a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of ſuch as have before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelfe a Begger,
And ſo I am. Then cruſning penury,
Perſwades me, I was better when a King;
Then am I king'd againe; and by and by,
Thinke that I am un-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Muſicke.*
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Muſicke doe I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time; How ſowre ſweet Muſicke is,
When time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Muſicke of mens lives:
And here have I the daintineſſe of eare,
To heare time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring:
But for the Concord of my State and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I waſted Time, and now doth Time waſte me:
For now hath time made me his numbring Clocke:

My

My thoughts, are minutes; and w
There watches to mine eyes the
Whereto my finger, like a Diall
Is poynting ſtill, in cleanſing the
Now ſir, the ſound that tels wha
Are clamorous grones, that ſtrik
Which is the bell: ſo ſighes and
Shew minutes, houres, and time
Runs poaſting on, in *Bullingbroo*
While I ſtand fooling here, his
This Muſicke mads me, let it ſ
For though it have holpe mad m
In me it ſeemes, it will make wi
Yet bleſſing on his heart that gi
For 'tis a ſigne of love, and love
Is a ſtrange brooch, in this all-h

Enter Groo

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.

Rich. Thankes Noble Peere.
The cheapeſt of us, is ten grote
What art thou? And how con
Where no man ever comes, bu
That brings me food, to make
Groo. I was a poore Groome
When thou wer't King, who
VVith much adoo, at length h
To looke upon my (ſometimes
O how it yern'd my heart, wh
In London, ſtreets, that Corro
VVhen *Bullingbrooke* rode on
That Horſe, that thou ſo ofte
That Horſe, that I ſo carefully
Rich, Rode he on Barbary? t
How went he under him?

Groo. So proudly, as if he ha
Rich. So proud, that *Bullin*
That jade hath eate bread fro
This hand hath made him prou

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.45)